

To Mrs. Carso Crane.  
OF PHELPS, N.Y.

# I LOVE THE OLD.

*I love the old, to lean beside  
The antique easy chair.*

*And pass my fingers softly o'er  
A wreath of silvered hair.*

*To press my glowing lip upon  
The furrowed brow, and gaze*

*Within the sunken eye, where dwells  
The light of other days."*

WORDS BY

L. Virginia Smith.

MUSIC  
BY

## H. KLEBER.

PIANO

GUJAR

25<sup>cts.</sup>

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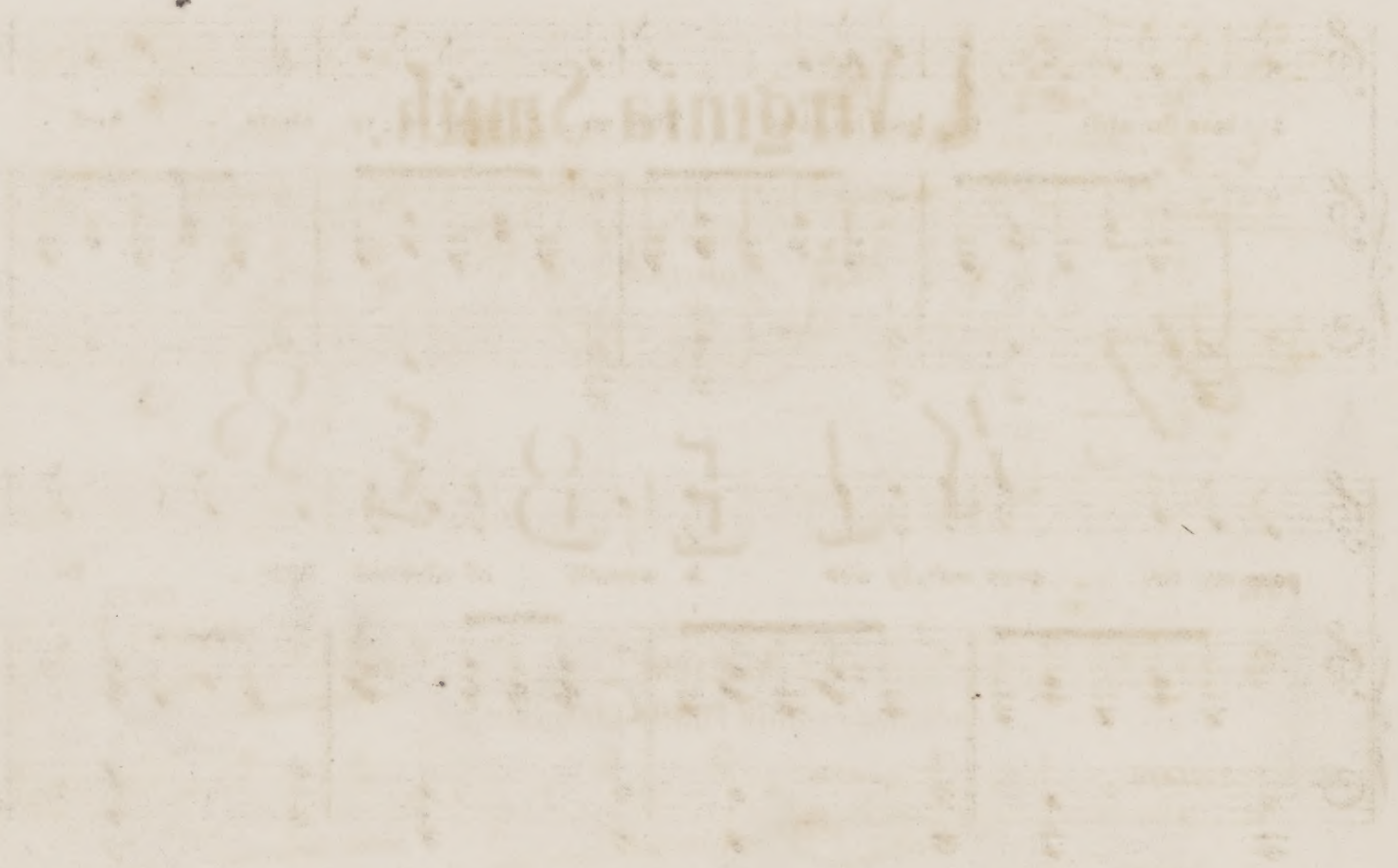
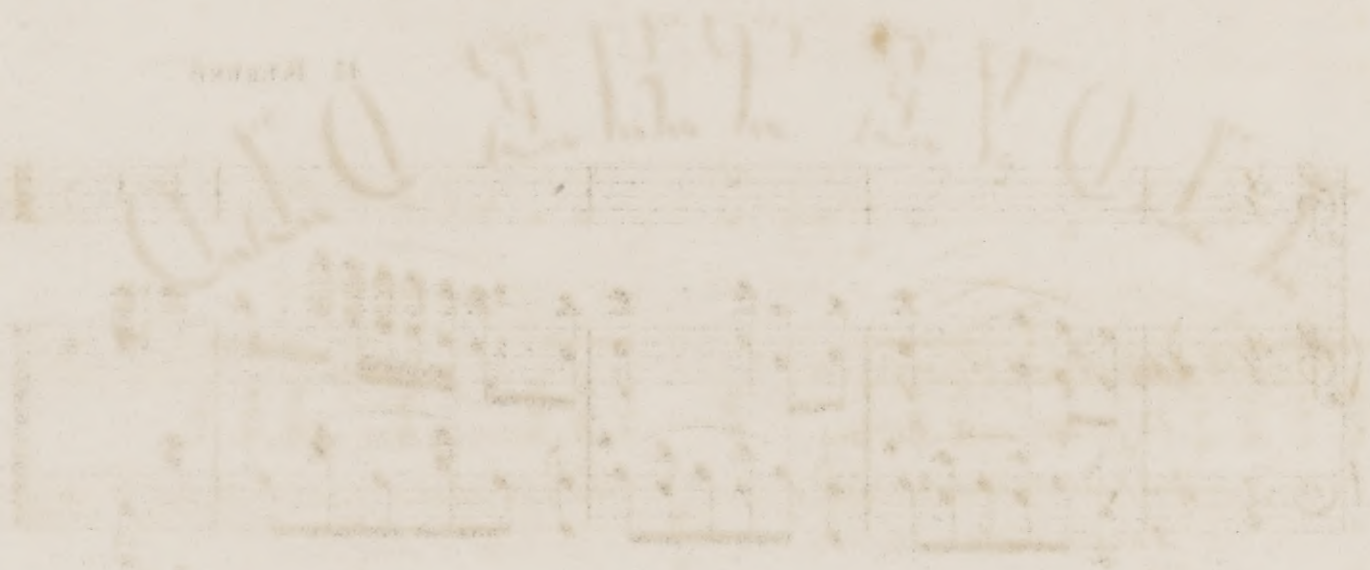
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Franklin, Pa.



I LOVE THE OLD

IN THREE





## I LOVE THE OLD

H KLEBER

Piano introduction in 3/4 time. The treble staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of chords and a melodic line. The bass staff features a steady eighth-note accompaniment with 'Ped' markings and asterisks indicating specific notes.

I love the old: to lean be-side The an - - - tique ea - sy chair, And

The vocal melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

pass my fin - - - gers soft-ly o'er A wreath of silvered hair - To

The vocal melody continues in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.



press my glow - - ing lip up - on The fur - - rowed brow and gaze With -

- in the sunken eye where dwells The "light of oth - - er days." With -

- in the sunken eye where dwells The "light of oth - - er days."

Poco rit.



II. Verse. To fold the pale and feeble hand That on my youthful head, Has  
 III. Verse. Oh youth, thou hast so much of joy, So much of life and love, So

lain so tenderly the while The evening pray'r was said. To  
 many hopes—age has but one, The hope of bliss above. Turn

nestle down close to my heart, And marvel how it held Such  
 then a while from these away, To cheer the old and bless The

tomes of legendary lore, The chronicles of Eld. Such  
 was—ted heart-strings with a stream Of gushing tenderness. The

tomes of legendary lore, The chronicles of Eld.  
 was—ted heart-strings with a stream Of gushing tenderness.

IV. Verse. Thou treadest now a path of bloom And thine exulting soul, Springs  
 V. Verse. Yes, love the aged bow before The venerable form, So

proudly on, as tho' it mocked At Time's unfelt control. But  
 soon to seek beyond the sky A shelter from the storm. Aye,

they have marched a weary way, Up—on a thorny road: Then  
 love them, let thy silent heart, With reverence untold, As

soothe the toil-worn spirits ere, They pass away to God. Then  
 pilgrims very near to heaven, Regard and love the old. As

soothe the toil-worn spirits ere They pass away to God.  
 pilgrims very near to heaven, Regard and love the old.



